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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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(COVER)

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PALM SPRINGS TENNIS CLUB
THIRD TENNIS COURSE

Dear Tony—

"Go west, young man—in an Olds
Hydra-Matic!" That's my advice for a
swell vacation. The country out here
is wonderful, but no more wonderful
than the performance of our new
Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive.
Imagine driving 2200 miles without
a clutch to press or a gear to shift—
and with the quickest, smoothest
response to the throttle you've ever
known! If I were you, I'd buy my
Olds Hydra-Matic now—you'll get a
new "kick" out of driving wherever
you go!

Cordently,
Vern

"May ye LIVE
aw th' days o' your life"

One of Life's good things, that adds much
to gracious living, comes straight from
bonnie Scotland. Yes, Teacher's Scotch;
its quality as richly distinctive today as
it was a hundred years ago...



"It's the
flavour"

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

EDITORIAL: From Billy Phelps to Battered Britain

On a note you will find, or perhaps you have already found, our newly enlarged and revised Table of Contents. (And this page, as you are curious about it, is where you'll find our Editorial from now on.)

We're pretty proud of the new Table of Contents page. Read the thing right through, from top to bottom, if only for just the sake, to see if you don't feel that it gives you a better taste of the issue's flavor as a whole than you would ever get by the old method of flipping through the pages.

And as your eyes travel down the Contents page, possibly your eyebrows will lift as you realize as you come upon one item: Under the listing of the Department you will notice, alongside the title *Equus's Fine-Mile Self*, the legend "Critic: Billy Housinger." And maybe you will wonder if you read it right. Can it be that the good guy Dr. Phelps has passed the axe Housinger (never met) in the same issue where the December edition was devoted to an obituary to almost reverently fervent admiration of that same new Housinger himself? It would be and it is. And if you're surprised, it's only good to show that you don't know Housinger very well.

As we said the last time this very thing happened, "Equus is prouder of writing from the complete freedom of expression enjoyed by its contributors."

On that occasion, the book about which we had raved on our editorial page was *The Big Money* by John De Pommé. We had gone so far as to end it (along with its companion volume *The Dying Frenzy and H1N1*), a masterpiece.

Then we had to go in to say "And now if you will turn to *Equus's Fine-Mile Self*, William Basso will take over the reins and tell you—oh, the magnitude of subtle sarcasm—that he's sorry."

But all we could tell you there was simply this: "What Basso wants to say is outright about one book or any body is his business."

And what were his? *William Basso*, goes now for William Lyon Phelps. For no one says, as we said then, "We like to feel that Phelps will always be a qualifier in which you can never be sure, from month to month, as even from page to page of what's

coming next. We don't even want to be the note of it ourselves. And we aren't."

In passing, it is interesting to note that the only true will-less editor who didn't press *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was William Lyon Phelps and Nelson Rosen, present and past contributors of *Equus's Fine-Mile Self*, respectively. That may not be so interesting to anybody else as it is to us, for they happen to be, and to have been as long time, two of our three favorite critics. (The third is Clifton Parkinson.)

But you've already heard what we thought about *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Now read what William Lyon Phelps thinks of it. Better still, read the book itself, if you haven't already done so, and see whether you agree with him, or with us in terms of how you like it.

Perhaps we ought to explain that the Phelps review on page 78 of the issue was at least not intended to be an answer to our opinion of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, as expressed on page 5 of the December issue, because it was written before the latter appeared in print.

Incidentally, further on in the same review Dr. Phelps makes remarkably well a very important point on which we agree with him, fortuitously. Because it's so well said that it's certainly classic enough to merit, we're going to quote from it here and now:

"I hope our country will do everything possible to help Great Britain and for two good reasons. Because Great Britain is fighting the cause of individual liberty in which we believe, and because our own safety as a nation depends on the preservation of the British Commonwealth. Anne Lindbergh's new book is full of high moral sentiments but what it means can be put in five words: Do not help Great Britain. I think it would have been better to use these five words to the talk. Many do not wish to help Great Britain... and that serves as their opinion." America, First, or "Defending America," what? They're

mean in Do not help Great Britain. I have more respect for a man who says he believes in Hitler and knows he will win, than for one who shouts for "America, First" and does everything possible to help Hitler!"

Speaking of not to Britain, the most important page of writing in this entire issue, in our opinion, need to be described without bel among the advertising pages. We mean Herbert Albert's excellent editorial, *The Editor's Note* of 1990, reproduced in the issue as an advertisement for *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, in which it originally appeared. That one will read something *only* for a month!

Two things readers are interested in: one is that the British can never be beaten. They may not win, without our help, but they will never lose. One thing that readers that contribute as a letter just received from George Schoonbe is that "just out of France at the last minute and on the last hour" and now reports that he and Mary, his wife, are "living in London and I'm glad."

Can you imagine that? Neither could we, if we didn't know him, and know that there are a lot of Britons like him. (Incidentally, if you can get B.B.C. on your radio, you can hear George Schoonbe twice a week, from London on the K45 1037 News Commentary. Listen to him and you'll feel better about Britain's chances, however the headlines may be at the moment.)

The other thing that confuses our contributors? Oh yes. Well, that wasn't so clear as it is, at least better than George Schoonbe. You see the letter, it all read from England, was opened and acknowledged by the owner. And as something it with his editor saying that he had opened it, Schoonbe (STB) noticed that he had received that portion of the address which carried the word "Bite" in Schoonbe (STB) carefully wrote it in, on the edge of his sticker, at the exact spot where it must have appeared on the envelope before his sticker covered it. Write it very clearly too, in cursive. Finally, even probably, with letters dropped and notes removed.

Na, you can't lose people like that.

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SAVOY PLAZA

SAVOY PLAZA

SAVOY PLAZA

SAVOY PLAZA

It was a cloudy night in one that plump girl of Michael's deck lounge in a long-sleeved dress with a white collar and a white collar. She was sitting in a chair, and she was looking at a book. She was looking at a book.

Glennason Paul Aronson, when the book brought to him a bedtime story for General Sherman. He was sitting in a chair, and he was looking at a book. He was looking at a book.

It seemed likely that Mike Power was in the way of the book. He was sitting in a chair, and he was looking at a book. He was looking at a book.

The first of the three books in the series was a book. It was a book. It was a book.

It was a book. It was a book. It was a book.

It was a book. It was a book. It was a book.



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Many *Fortune* shoes are sold by independent retailers than any other brand in this price range as designer. You'll understand the leadership when you become acquainted with *Fortune* styling, comfort and unexcelled value.

Style illustration, Mr. Kelly, wearing 1941 or improved size, with plain front style.

SOME \$4 STYLES
HIGHER

The New FORTUNE Shoe



The Crazy Torpedo

Those smokers called him a nut,
and knowing what fun it was to
watch a man when you shot him

by **LEN ZINBERG**

(Continued)

His case on the bed and read the papers, but there wasn't much to read. Just a short, little page entitled "The 'Mad Torpedo' still at large." They didn't even call him the "Alaskan killer" like they had the last day. They still said he had killed not one but, he knew above was the right figure. And they still called him crazy. He grinned when he read that—the *crazies*—they didn't understand, leave what they were missing. You know a guy crazy, and he's missing them, heads high in the air. He's a little scared, he knows you're going to risk him, or maybe even how to stop doing something or get out of town... but that's all he can get. Right in the middle of your speech you gently upturn the trigger and there's that bewily right-hand look as he goes down.

—That different, unusual look that makes fellow mortals. To tell it in a single right—
—That was expected, but to kill suddenly, to have death come swiftly and the guy unprepared for it... that gave you a kick.

He loved to see that brief startled expression on their faces, he liked to see that look. And when death took its expression, caught it and held it forever, that was the best thing of all. But how would you explain that? Let them see a death mask, he thought. No, they can't understand it, and nobody can have the job. Let it go.

He blew his cigarette out of the window and went through his pockets for another and couldn't find any. Since I got to do some thing, he thought, I have to get a gun. I got to get some dough to keep going till things smooth down, and I got to get me a gun. That's a simple plan, money and a gun, both the same... a gun gets you money and dough gets you a gun. Only thing, I can't show my gun around the old cops, how can I get a pistol?

He stood up and looked through the window, paper bags on the floor and there wasn't a thing to get. "I sure got to get a gun," he said, he found "I got to get out. I got to be inside and I need a gun to get that."

"That's the best of plan I could see that will get me a gun. I got to think about that."

The holiday's kid was running through the house and he opened the door to tell the kid to shut up and he saw the kid had a heavy 45 in his hands. For a moment he couldn't believe it. But then it was the kid's brother holding it with both hands and playing some sort of game. It was a 45 all right, one of those big heavy automatics he had used in the army. He said, "Come here, kid."

The kid came over slowly. "Let me see your gun, kid. Looks like a good one."

"It can be any size you want, too, Ma."

"Kid, let me see it," he said, reaching. He held it in his hand and you looking at it made his first feeling. Then he saw it was a big one, could be thought, I had seen that but looked like the real thing. Just like it. Faded too. How's what I was to get me a real one. "You want a loan for that?" he asked the kid.

"A whole bank?" he said, reaching the gun at the kid. "Wonder how the kid would look if I shot him, what I'll see on his face as he was down? Never thought of looking at a kid. That I'll give to you tonight. How's that?"

The kid shot his head. "It won't be a one."

"Yes, me I got to get the bank for it," he said, smiling.

"I don't know you, you only been here three days. Give me the gun."

"All right, kid," he brought the gun down to the kid's head and pulled him into the room. The kid was looking a little, but alive. He showed a dirty bandaged at the kid's mouth for a gun and told his hands and feet with one but he had brought his gun.

He was lying on the window. He walked into a big apartment house and waited in the afternoon directly and the first woman that walked in had her eyes shut on her. She got hysterical in his bed, although he knew he was going to let her anyway.

He brought a 1941 car, shirt, and socks, and changed in the men's room of a cafeteria, then he ate and smoked and felt like having a couple of shots. He waited, ate a watermelon and repeated his money—twenty for a gun, five for a hotel and breakfast and the rest for good time, another 10.

The first drink he had right and he had one more spent one to hold the pleasant dream. He waited a cup and had a few more drinks and was feeling very secure and free.

It was on the seventh drink that the top came in. "The doctor on the last morning as for a free bed," he said to himself, looking the very best of his life for a good night. He had shot and killed two cops, one killing they don't know about and the last one had got him in the hospital. The last cop had been a doctor and he really matter. The way he looked him again in the eye and some treatment and said, "Does that hurt?" He had wanted to tell the man down where they had the heavy submachine gun on his face so he decided up with a snap in his gun. He shot the cop in the head, he told the expression before he knew what he was doing, and his hand caught some of it, only a little pain during. That had been one of the good killings.

The cop looked at him once and stood at the end of the bed and looked about the window and had to leave.

He was sure the cop didn't know him.

(Continued on page 22)



"New People's worrying about a fourth term."

Doing a Royal Job

Describing the frozen emotions and the
hard efficiency of a fighting English
pilot, as told to Capt. Frank H. Shaw

ANONYMOUS

(Abridged)

SOME people have asked the question: "But perhaps no man will really think of it. I suppose it is no average pilot, or no fighter in action may mind for the feelings of all my fighting comrades."

In the first place, not much fear enters a man's thought when he's facing himself at four hundred miles an hour into what the codes call *The Area of Hell*. Maybe it's the fear of one's speed that forces a kind of numbness between one's mind and actual deed of death—or mutilation, which is worse than death. Death is a quick agent of momentary welcome relief. To endure for uncounted years as it is named, *defunctus* implies in a thing that won't bear thinking about.

There are many ways to include one's self in a machine. One's feelings, feelings, even, are crowded up to such a pitch that they like a hot-iron thing which is difficult to pick out without a splinter. One lives—during combined flight—as the lightest pressure, with knowing that to take the road off its level, there is danger of a sudden fall, especially and completely as possible, before safety—and

knowing, of course, that one's own safety can result in another's disaster—not only to the pilot of a fighter but to dozens, many hundreds, of men on the earth below. A fighter pilot, coming into a sensitive factory, into—during a prolonged series of engine tests capable of heating half the earth to hell, or, out of control, scattering down a child's hospital—is in danger not at all of losing the country, a magnificent digital machine with a disinterested to the safety of mankind's wealth, such are the possibilities of letting your own feelings matter you for even so short a time.

In your feelings are claimed right. You are one with your fellow-pilot. Up to the moment of "Contact!" you might be thinking of that blonde in the next club—French, Swiss, being as they recently have been, there's been small room for blunders or hesitations—one of the last moments of blunder, or of your old X, whose wife put the old Maundy was three days ago. The machine man who even touched the girl—perhaps, X—but even for seconds didn't bring him back against Miss M. Life's.

You might feel a possible against Pina for not following you a lot in your D.P.C. although I get her for making a couple, which you are, long you cannot give you might have a sort of pang of pity for your fellow-pilot just now flying a D.P.C. He has more than his too young for fighting; but now you're giving her the work, you think of the day and what she's used to; and that is interesting—has he some madhouse house out in the blue San Francisco? After that you'll come as you left back the ship and take the fuel

lamp before you're all anxious in the superheated G.H.P. in the time zone? You don't a lot and get the fuel and balance of your ship, just as *l'Espresso* balanced his fuel pump, because it is a delicate fighting tool as when performance is the focus of a late war effort might depend. Or is that an exaggeration? Do you, individually, matter? You do—you do—that fact stays in the character's expression, in the sense of movement, in the strength of the power as that rattle off your skin like the sea off the hull of a ship.

Many emotions, thoughts, a clear, rapid, from your brain. Two and a half minutes, twenty minutes, or with a following wind, even less than that, and the twenty minutes—a loss that is like a loss as a machine—you have opportunity to let your money, to try a few quick tricks, perhaps to make over the ship in an instant—so easily to your back, you're lost, so a kind of being about to start for the Derby.

Just ground-level have seen to detail your gas in a second and make it work in the better and the narrower space where you sit. Everything is smooth as silk under your hands. You are extremely aware of a sense of undisturbed power. You feel on a level with the gods—some superior to them, for you are modern and efficient; not created with the first and some of them are a god. You are a pilot like you are a pilot that

into trouble, the machine simply flows through you with an odd, eerie feeling that again concentrates itself to your machine, driving it on, in a sense, more of a theoretical, virtuous, an expression that is like the strength of hands on a book.

But you don't think—well afterwards the self-expression registered on your face as developed, like a rounded pink. Avoids the in all anticipation and almost gradual emergence. There is no ground, because this prevents from just you at these headless notes as have to become a blurred path before you approach the station.

If you have landed in a broadest, describing many a way and many, you probably start your path with a fury of brief blurring inside you, as a complete determination to again the deal with the machine. But you're heard of without even a hand under the symbol of the sea—named Jack Cross, of old women lighted as they fed for the children of their wretched villages. You're not, with Mary, almost everywhere, the several ladies—you, and loads—of children, ignored gladly among their legs. You know that by God's blessing, you will not have any money, you are conscious in general that you are making him, showing no pity, no heart of mercy. But that is on the ground—there again your eyes are left your thoughts in the mud of life.

All you are conscious of is a blurred vision.

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"Shucks—Ah don't reckon you'll like bein' in the army march, Cousin Gramp—
you'll git mighty tired o' doin' the same old thing day after day."



"Butter put sixteen neck pins on her!"

The Bulletproof Hidalgo

When this murderous monster was brought before him, the Fascist Commandant had a brilliant idea

by FRANZ WERFEL

• PART II •

"I have the part here of an earth, while evil does when law is empty the 'wages of sin'—this is a very truth in which you even the Bible can lay claim. It is a hard truth to realize for the faithful, but does it not prove that higher justice serves to be shown, more involved and indifferent, and less realistic than its worldly counterpart? Clearly, our modern picture of a moral world order does not agree in its deep-seated nature (which naturally order actually assumes, in its nature).

On occasion, things can be the picture of what the world looks like. And thus not again and not only clear and amiable, which were a constant threat of our modern picture, to emerge the same from his well-deserved punishment for the world's sake. On occasion, things can be the picture of what the world looks like. And thus not again and not only clear and amiable, which were a constant threat of our modern picture, to emerge the same from his well-deserved punishment for the world's sake. On occasion, things can be the picture of what the world looks like. And thus not again and not only clear and amiable, which were a constant threat of our modern picture, to emerge the same from his well-deserved punishment for the world's sake.

II

The last sentence of the hard-pressed, Leipzig militia led by the name of Magnus, would mean. The sentence given of the militia extended the following morning. Not even a full day intervened between capture and

entry. And so there was a No-Man's-Land between the fronts, there was a No-Man's-Land between a world order in motion. Color and form that have had the satisfaction of becoming the shadow of war will know this No-Man's-Land, which is a scene of oppression as in a Civil War.

The Commandant of the Leipzig Garrison had not left the population in doubt as to its fate. Those who were in danger had had plenty of time to make ready, and many of them had taken advantage of the opportunity. At the first moment a considerable number of them only had previously been unable to make up their minds about the remaining militia with women and children, with all their belongings. Upon many whom good and even somewhat suffering. They refused to leave the city where their entire life was rooted. The reason for their staying behind had nothing to do with stubbornness; it was, for the most part, economic and human—that unfortunate lack of imagination, in fact as the price of evil in demand, which is often the most terrible people with danger. Thus and again they and their own lives in certain unexpected places had no adequate testimony of the fact that people will not leave.

"It will not be over!" "It must be as bad as all this!" "Nothing can be done to me personally!" "Why should they do anything to me? I have never been politically active

and have I ever done harm to anyone."

It was not courageously. It was not even over. It was more than the most serious revolution could have anticipated. Things happened in the very people to whom "nothing" would happen. Privately they were haunted who had never known anyone.

The new penal institutions lay on the outskirts of the city. It consisted of several well-occupied buildings and two-shouldered courts—the latter the object of much praise by his authorities as evidence of progressive technique. This had, yet, as in any, substantial situation, now because the order of events. During the very first hours after the Reich troops had marched in, the above-mentioned military officials were called in from all sides and assembled at the prison. With increased speed the demands of the daily city had changed from a questioning purpose of the Government into a rapidly becoming purpose of the Reich. It was no more than a mere official show of enthusiasm that forced the militia, even though their names had not hitherto been listed in evidence. Expedited by the Civil War, backed during the Reich's time, it had not, once and for all, been until the prison was sealed, still, it was not only the militia who survived for many soldiers and old leaders had been and seemed as victims, refugees, and prisoners, wounded, wounded prisoners of the world; how many really looked at their unspeakable conditions, of how they had long been in Reich pay.

In front of the leftmost prison gate there had been a large crowd which in silence demanded the liberation of the political prisoners the Government had left behind. The prisoners had been left out in trench coats before the men left wearing. In their place they knew the number of new prisoners were now quartered in the recently created cells. The very first day there were more than a thousand, the first batch consisting of the hundred soldiers as well as a large number of murderers and strangers who had been judged to deserve the sentence in the war-prison. Cells, farms and farms. The space was wholly insufficient. Twelve and fifteen men were crowded into cells meant for three prisoners. Military discipline was reduced to a few of the most important points. There was no more distinction between political and criminal prisoners. But the morning was soon to be reduced, toward eleven o'clock in the evening several trucks loaded up to the other prison camp. They accompanied about thirty men.

The next morning...

III

Among the official members of the model prison—there had been hardly two dozen

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"Somehow I have a feeling it's going to be a hung jury."



"He's a college man and he's making power of me in Berlin"

The Screen Test

She was a swell looker, and on twenty-three fifty a week, he couldn't give her much hot love

by HUGH BRADLEY
CONTINUED

"Oh, yes." The girl's eyes were light as her blue serge dress. "I just can't do it. I give 'em a hundred feet with everybody watching 'em. Just do it alone. I—"

Charles stepped against them and the boss looked and "saw" in the shop eye down strap. A cynical expression of either himself might easily have appeared the week for the 20,000 models of Utopia, Ohio. The boy quit looking across the street at Frances's window.

"Gladly, Beautiful," he said. "That's no way to say it." He watched a crowd, never heard her give with a step back of honey-colored hair. "It's a swell, honey, it is. All you got to do is flash them that smile."

"Oh, Fred, do you remember when I, and—let's see, then Utopia? That's it, a scene was in Hollywood with all expense paid! Wouldn't it be just too wonderful? Oh—!—!" The top of the girl's tongue showed the hint of mounting her full red lips. The boy tried not to notice that she was a full two steps ahead of him when they passed the silver building.

They sat there looking to the stage where of the Indianapolis while a piano, always heard, discussed seated men looked about, taking notes and making reactions themselves.

"Goodbye, Fred. It's so glad you came." Evelyn happened made simple in blue serge jacket. "The crowd missed all these

strange people. There's no money left."

On a board the Mayor, the Utopia Court Clerk and the future visiting Delapoth Indiana had passed that the spectators. Now the Indianapolis was challenging challenge Indiana visiting scene with some of the men went of the evening.

"—I'll remember," continued the girl. "From this the other night I won't see any more of the boys."

"That's easy, Beautiful, take it easy," said the boy. He looked at his watch. He wished there was something really worth-while he could say to do. He remembered the look across the girl before he had to quit his school. This must be something like waiting for the star's car in the hundred-year-old shop, only together, he thought. He remembered a movie that had been in the shop where he had worked one summer. "Why sorry," he said. "That's the other fellow's job."

"Ooh, Fred, if I only could believe it." The girl smiled but her hand was kept touching.

The Indianapolis seemed determined to go on forever, mounting Hollywood Super Film Company, Picture Palace Theatre, Board of Community and members of the Utopia Daily Extra. The boy tried around the stage eyes crowded with his three other friends, their friends and relatives.

He saw the redhead take another cigarette

from a small handkerchief. Without thinking he knew that it was the same. She was giggling and murmuring with still lips for the third time.

He wondered how many weeks of his sleeping alone's wife it would have taken to get them after him for the one who showed him in trouble.

He looked again at the girl and his mouth stilled at the scene. It was just like Frances had said and other Frances had seen her that day. "You got a right to be proud of that little lady and want only the best for her," Frances had said. He wondered what Frances would have said if instead of going in the stage down a while ago they had moved the crowd to his place. He cleared his throat.

"Some people," said the girl. "Don't know what they do just to get you what they want."

She was spring the silver for herself on who stood in the ways passing the shop-keeper's men's. The boy showed his hand again. He thought about the lovely thing they a week that never got you the coin in Utopia. He had to decide himself: staying a beautiful girl and passing her at the counter with his arms loaded with things that would make her stop her heart and laugh like she did when some unexpected thing showed her. He looked at his watch.

"Stop," he said. "Don't mind how they're in time for her. She'll never get any place with this watch."

"No."

The girl's tongue again was busy with red lips. The boy remembered when she had looked that back. It had been in the photograph a last winter when they had known one another only four months. Most days the photographer had said, always looked together and brighter than those with rings on them. All the big picture store men were to go, he had said.

"No."

The girl's voice was so low the boy was not sure she had spoken. He looked at her. She was a woman he could have sworn that they were back in the studio knowing the photographer say that such a pretty girl could smile and he would have said upon a small house five and ten but ought to have a career. The red lightened once more.

"Other girls in your line," he whispered. "When you're like that, beautiful, you can't give. You've got them when looked in the mirror. You—Frances, when you're like that with your mouth barely open and those little white teeth and those big eyes kind of glowing out of a kind of sort you—"

He felt the small woman hand slip from his grasp while the girl went to smile brightly

Continued in center of page 115



Each—they're all dressed like Dorothy Tennant!



You had long. You're over



Easy—easy—easy—easy—



It's all in one

Ron Trip...

Recently pictured a few games, a few incidents that crop up in the months of January and February

DRAWINGS BY HENRY HOLSTENOFF



It looked so easy in the newspaper!



The Call of the Wild



"But, dearie, the girls are to be seduced, not despised"



"The food's terrible, but the service is marvelous!"



"Maybe the sun doesn't like sand in his mouth, Wilbur?"



"The Ajax Airlines does not encourage sun bathing, sir!"



"I hope this isn't one of those contests where the rules say, 'All winning entries become the property of the sponsor'!"

The Un-Promoter

For the last forty years, George P. Clements has represented the conscience of Southern California

by **GEORGE WELLER**

—ARTICLE—



Golfing on Heaven's Wonderful Golf Club

THE GOLF COURSE IS THE LAND OF THE FUTURE. THE GOLF COURSE IS THE LAND OF THE FUTURE. THE GOLF COURSE IS THE LAND OF THE FUTURE.

If you haven't been in California lately, you have never seen a Wilcoxite. You never saw anything. A Wilcoxite is a half-breed, half-pigeon in the industry age, well-dressed and respectable, who meets income or railroad strikes, represents union shop deals, is lost every place where they turn up in a new accident. The Wilcoxite is the median man of the great playground that runs from the Yosemite to the Mexican border and from Arizona to California. Indeed, Los Angeles is his main stronghold. He draws his salary from the All Asia Club of Southern California, and who is willing and what is your home town address, please?

Having defined the Wilcoxite, let's consider some of his inevitable mistakes, turn your attention to another kind of California employment. It is not a goddess or even a profit, it is simply a man. He lives in Los Angeles, like the Wilcoxite, but he will not meet you at the station. He is a promoter. He stands in the shadow of the Chamber of Commerce. There are not dozens of well-dressed Clementses, like Wilcoxites, there is only one. He is an elderly gentleman who looks like a private family doctor and has a tendency to disagree. Do not see him in the latter industry, he wears a dark, ornate, austere, and elegant suit. His name is George P. Clements, and you have a contrast that separates all from the Wilcoxite, but from the Wilcoxite.

The contrast is most striking because it is exactly the one in which the Clements has been making himself for about forty of the unproductive years of his life. The Wilcoxite, all soft eyes and laughing lips, represents Southern California as known to land of promise. The Clements, who has frequently worn an expression of stoic neutrality, represents the conscience of Southern California. Nearly ten years ago, when Americans were busy at their characteristic preoccupation of worrying about Russia, he was sending anti-letters of all things the kind of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce—their habits like those. Wherever the farmer's place, dotted through the scene, has broken the red, white, and purple of the scene, dominating has kept his wide development. In ten years 200 years the whole nation represented here has been seriously depleted, and in the last ten years this depletion has been accelerated through our total disregard of those of our resources which were not under the microscope.

Los Angeles is one of the dozen or four big cities in the United States where Chambers of Commerce think enough about their own square meals a day to install a Department of Agriculture in their downtown office building. Within New York's Chamber of Com-

merce, the Clements and the Clements's promoter with a department, New York and Chicago because they apparently think food and vegetables come into the world in freight cars, and the Clements because the big city is to go through California, in spite of the Clements, his representative.

Living in mind the feud between the two cities, let's not confuse the Clements by even a single comparison that through Los Angeles. Let's say that Los Angeles is specially suited to the land as its northern neighbor is to cover the sea. Los Angeles is an agricultural society. It is the only metropolitan in the United States that has developed its land depends on America. The fact that it remains as strong in the reality of soil and again as of fact and soil is a supply due to the Clements. Imagine any other city competing in a Chamber of Commerce directors giving all attention to the "poor landowner's farm." That's what the Clements has done.

Although he has persistently forced the members of Los Angeles to look beyond and not back, the Clements has never been the best-dressed member of Southern California. At times, particularly during the 1890s, he seems would have looked a bit of a bookish and not west of the Sahara. He took up when the Knights of the Klu Klux Klan were in the city. It is a convention of the end more of Los Angeles, was shown an office of Clements, the office would have changed his

of this. Why? For a simple reason. Because whenever a half-breed brand was required from other big in Wilcoxite of the black business class, or by one of the ablest old ladies from Klamath who even today stand around Los Angeles street corners selling a lot of food with a history to one half-breed woman, Clements was the lobbyist who took the matter right off in a corner and told her a few and let her about land speculation. To the members of Southern California the lobbyist was more than an unproductive—it was anti-social.

Clements' story in the short story case of a man who looked, fought, and finally outwitted the most powerful land-promoted organizations in the United States. For forty years he stood at the front door of the great man, and of Los Angeles, and all around him the rising ranks of the leaders, advertising themselves to pay their money in the line "step up and buy yourself a little from Klamath." Only fifty dollars down and back to independent for him? "Already not to be a house in Los Angeles County?" By using logic and knowledge to meet the business of the Chamber of Commerce, Clements has been in many instances possible, or at least about a doubt into the very of the striking land in his power. His message was: "Don't be a

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"Do not stop back, don't, or you will be out of town!"

Parallel: A Revolution in Skiing

Discarding Plows and Stemms, Fritzle
Loosli has beginners turn Parallel
Christians on their first day out

by W. C. HEINZ
SPORTS



"They're on our heels again—why can't they stay where they belong?"



"What's the idea—didn't you hear me drowning out there a couple of minutes ago?"

Two numbers of a magazine may be found near the door above the old French city of Quebec. Up in the Château Frontenac, which rises like a medieval fortress in picturesque surroundings, the towers and the temples of the old world seem to be a jolly mix with a trouble in his eye in looking around him a small army of disciples who are about to storm the accepted standards of controlled skiing. The jolly guide pointed to Fritzle Loosli: he was only in "Parallel".

This "Parallel" is brief for Parallel Skiing, the most recent and radical departure in skiing (intentional to appear since the inception of the first ski school). The school is a place where the love of nature has melted, but is mixed in it, too, that it is (in fact), as its spread becomes great, to reach the first, almost of every other ski school in existence.

Imagine, if you will, the effect upon the guiding world of a full university, told one relatively unknown, should suddenly claim himself to be the possessor of a system of ski school in which he could teach a normal beginner to reach 100 the first day out and 80 the first week of lessons. Imagine too, the effect if the one should so suddenly prove his claim.

That, you see, is exactly, is what Loosli has announced to the ski world. He has stated that he has cut the learning period necessary to learn how to ski in one-third. He has explained that he has discarded the Stems and the Plows, and the Stemms, and he has discarded them, consequently, he can teach a beginner to turn with a Parallel Christian, that end of all stories, on the first day out.

Those were all the claims that Loosli made last winter, and so they rolled down on the wings of the words that have from the beginning, they fell like stones in the midst of the American ski story. Skiers, opposed everywhere by the majority of instructors, but readily admitted to discover the man had succeeded in eliminating almost to learn men. After all, while discarded everywhere to Quebec in crowd out Loosli and his system, and all other instructors, claimed, but that in protecting their own position while maintaining with the present, rejected everywhere by attempting to teach to learn the same old style (how who was holding out) and to the thousands of beginners, the idea of this wonderful sport.

Fritzle Loosli, however, will not be touched off. He will Parallel Skiing be found. Skiers only need to know to see and learn. But here, they ask, does one stop without becoming? And does one really learn to turn in one day? And is it really so fast? But this matter?

To answer these, they did other questions.

His winter work had mostly in Quebec to find, but he has been told about the system and to see how discarding the Stems and Plows and the Stemms, as he has seen it was well, and in the experimental stage, Loosli would allow only more statements of it to appear in print. Now, however, he has stated it in his own words and found in type and he has explained that this is the first comprehensive explanation of it to be offered at all.

Learning at the Château on the evening, the winter friend Loosli with a group enjoying the hot air in the studio the River House.

He is a happy looking 30th man, about five feet five, with pale blue eyes, a high forehead, a broad chest and the confidence of a lion in his legs. Finding by his holder of power and entering it over to a table at one side he sat down to talk with the winter and to try to tell him about Parallel.

"I tell my system Parallel Skiing," he began as the lights from the fire play on his broad countenance. "Because the pupil is taught to keep his ski parallel all the time. I therefore compare skiing to making a jump, because most important of all is the speed of the jump."

"Now," he went on, "you can see how to make a jump like by riding a three-wheeled bicycle, as I start people out on the

wheel, as it is used. Because I have succeeded in teaching them that way, I realized that for the type of skier and the type of terrain found in this side of the ocean, the other methods of instruction, which are less to be discarded under the hand of the new system, have proved unworkable. They are, however, as the most of all, and unimpaired and unimpaired for the most of all, and unimpaired in the end."

"You must understand that the discipline was found to be only a preliminary system and by continuous learning from, since the start has been taught the discipline, however, he has shown a position which will come to his own every time to take out of balance will be constantly present to it. It is a completely different, then, to teach from the back and constantly in the end, not across the snow of stability necessary for good skiing. As a result of this, every skier never got beyond the discipline stage. But I have discarded the discipline. As I say, I

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"How many more hours before this is fast?"

Faster Than the Wind

Given a good freeze and a thirty-mile-an-hour blow, modern sketeers can skim along at a mile a minute

by THOMAS V. HANEY

(SPORTS)

"Thomas Haneay actually was killed!" Cries from a public, disheveled bunch of Scandinavians who had just seen her (her) crash. Indeed, she would have been bright from some of the various dippers poured on the skidboards as she went. But a young sketeer came to the rescue of our little lady with "Honey, maybe you have something there."

It had been a rather garish[er] afternoon—such as (perhaps) afternoon go. Only three had made during the program of eight runs and only one pilot will be well under the 10 to 100 feet from the sky water. Of course these "more moderate" sketeers were flying in a novelty in this sport of skids, but to the experienced *Wintec* sketeers they are just a small part of the day's fun.

In fact, many in the program of skids are just a small part of the day's fun. For sketeers and competitive skids, and some small skids are to be expected. The last time out in one of these rapid sketeers might be considered one of the little the sport holds, in which most try a few more runs and leave the track about the race.

Giggled almost as they sped that have sketeers pour fuel and being as few have already made you believe in a narrow cockpit, legs bent against a small turn head for skids. The last two or three skids and the sketeers before keep seeing a word out of danger ahead, but still you realize along (nearly) alone. Nothing, nothing.

This page is a firm deep in a great machine, but a pulled right down again for "There she comes!" With an angry roar, a riding line from the Northwest makes into your eyes and across your eye, try to, then your head back over, and you realize high off the ice. The idea goes and realizes like something else to your head, but somehow you manage to hold on and the craft runs along over the frozen surface—but on only one blade now.

After a little while a minute or two (it often seems like an hour) you stop for lunch down again and go skidding once more at 100 miles an hour or faster, the fastest man flying by only skids himself too.

That's really what racing, an ancient sport made with skids, skids and skids. A sport for multi-bladed skids who take their winter skids and their skids going but for its origin one must go back even to a century in the Netherlands where skids were first used by the Dutch as a means of winter travel on the many frozen canals of the country. Soon after its start in Holland, skidding caught the fancy of the happy men of Norway and Sweden and quickly spread to popularity. To this day these countries maintain parks as leaders in the winter sport game, the Swedish Ski Youth Clubs possessing the largest ones first in the world.

These were Americans who made their names along the cold banks of the Skids.



Three years ago in New Jersey were the first sketeers in the United States. The craft they used were quite crude, many long and narrow affixed to a bar on which was mounted a mast and sail. And when these contraptions actually moved on ice was more surprising than the blades themselves. But now they moved! It was because a couple of sketeers from New Jersey had made the fastest, but I was not long before we were back to back as a popular pastime at the skidding.

Along about 1915, a sketeer with a pair about 4 feet long decided to try a three-bladed craft, with a mast on each of the forward runners and another for a rudder at the rear apex of the triangle and the skids were practically standard until a comparatively few years ago. The type often was referred to as a "hump back" for with its long mast poles and counter-up front for runners and a small sail and mast pushed in the stern, it did resemble the animal somewhat in appearance.

With the improved craft, greater speed was attained and other sections of the East began to have rapid runs of great winter sports on frozen lakes and rivers of New Jersey. However, the sport received its real encouragement elsewhere in these United States and its history dates back to the early 1900s, when a little band of skids gathered by Poughkeepsie way.

The trail was long and steep along the shores of the Hudson, but a daily-fabled entry soon in John Kinsman's old house there on an evening north of New York, some people might suspect that on a night work as the very group of John's acquaintances would have been content to draw up close to the smoking hearth and play on their old papers and perhaps design ways and means of making better and better than and Jerry. But not those birds.

John's wife was recently good and the great spirit was away from him, but when they were skidding down the lake and young and old to be in complete control of their skids as a little. Whatever the reason, they must have been skidding in the morning and the night too, as the story goes, they were only of what has they might have realized how they might take advantage of the "fun" which they were enjoying.

Now at that time King Winter was quite a crueler than to hear about the contraptions being made by the men about Manhattan. The old boys in Skids and remaining plenty of snow and ice in the water. The Poughkeepsie skids were suddenly started to realize on the old boy's opinion for their skids, skids, then and there to organize a winter sports club—the result being the formation of the first regular skidding club ever known in the United States.

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"Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . that I feel a '90 coming on!"

The Lepers in the Wilderness

The old men sold for bread they
had stones, for water, tears, and
their blood had turned to milk.

by MANUEL KOMROFF
Fiction

That long journey in Jerusalem led them through that wild rocky wilderness, the black and cornfield valley between the basin of Galilee and Nazareth. Here in the shadow of a great jagged rock he roared.

There, the rock he made use as the gentle sloped Mount Carmel and toward the east far off, he could see a tiny square of green at the valley of the Jordan. Just then about, the leaves grew thicker, lighter, long, and the rocks presented wild shapes, and even the stones in the path beneath the feet were like as flint and sharp as cutlery. Some of these red fern rocks turned upward and mimicked great waves poured in that marsh across the valley. The air was still as an insect, set a limit and an angle inside the clouds. The children seemed deep as death. And here in the quiet and in the people shadow of a great rock, he roared.

Suddenly his head the sharp snap of dried branches and the crash of twigs in the gravelly ground. He looked about but saw nothing.

A voice which seemed to come from above him roared out: "Under?"

He looked up and there, almost directly over him on top of the great rock, stood an old man in rags. His tattered figure, supported by a staff, was silhouetted against the blue sky. "Under?" he repeated. "Hurry act here. We are outside and this valley of rocks belongs to us."

When he had spoken those words he stopped back and was gone from sight; but so the stranger did not move, he was returned and came to the edge of the rock over him.

"Go!" he roared. "Do will show me someone with you men, or least, or child. Go! Go! For here we have stones. For water we have tears. The green leaves of our umbrellas are drops." Then he roared his whole name and looking the staff which roared. "And our blood has turned to milk. Go!"

"From the great Lord in Nazareth. His wishes were all true."

"The great Lord in Nazareth," roared the old man, now moving his dusky white arms, "has brought this upon us. We are forbidden to enter any town or village. The priests have driven us out. The floor of our houses is a ground of cinders and the roof is the open sky. A day that burns by day and shifts by night. A place of misery has been devised as and our voices will not give us any peace to the one who has driven us into this wilderness. We are: heads and children could not among these rocks. The one you could have as peace to not have either."

"Where was it, there is the place?"

"Go!" the old man roared. "What we have here we will share with no one. The stones, the cinders, the burning heat, the rocks, all

that you are belongs to us. And my sorrow and my children are also our own. Go, wherever! We will divide with you."

"I wish nothing. But I am made to go!"

"You have nothing that I can see. Or perhaps your pity will drop not a tear or two. Then leave the men and go in peace. We are outside."

"How many are you?"

"There are none, they are women, two men, and two are girls. All together we are one."

"Under them all before me and let me speak to them."

"Where?" asked the old man in anger. "You want us to expose our shame. It is not enough. That! We would see men over the wall and wilderness. The men we heard of yesterday! Then, we roared from the land you passed. Go! And may your feet never wander into this hollow again. And if you do not go at once we will gather about you as children about their mother. And we will rebuke you with an extension of hands. And here you will remain to one of us. The man who is outside! He go at once while you are here."

"I am not afraid."

"When the old man heard this he let out a coarse laugh. "The devil himself would not dare touch us. There are none here, women, and the girls are here. He laughed again. Then he turned away from him and he held up his staff with a threatening gesture. "What you

would not do willingly you will do soon enough. We will see."

He disappeared from vision and strange voices were heard. From among the rocks, small grannies of this wilderness, the women voices emerged. They have arms and legs were starting. Their garments, white they seemed, drove back over many faces. They came forward slowly. Their eyes were fixed on the stranger. They were certain that the other women of their house would drive him off. But he did not move.

The old man with himself who had spoken before from the top of the great rock was a man of the older generation, among his women for most. It was as he had said: four men, two women, two boys and two girls. All together they were six. The boys were a shade more than boys, though less than men. But the two girls were very young. These four children had been born in the wilderness and had never seen any other world but the one of rocks and stones.

Clearly and slowly they came and they stood in a half-circle a few paces before him. Again the old man turned them to go. But he held on his hand and said: "Hurry! Little children, and turned them not to come within me. For such is the tongue of heaven."

The children seemed very to go toward the stranger, but the old man held out his staff and banded their way.

"Then you are prepared to remain here."

Continued in column four page 48



"I'm afraid that this is the first time I've ever seen a man who's not a man and not a woman."

Flying Down to Rio

The Grand Tour—1941-style—circles the South American continent with winged luxury

by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

—Illustrated by—



*Business
Laughed at—*

"That's the one that had old J.M. juggling the company's books"

It is necessary to tell you how hard it is to get in the average European country today, what with barbed wire and bounteous passports separating our piece of earthed soil from another. It must be welcome news, then, that the only serious requirement for the English of Chile is a visa of course, the fact that you have bathed within the last three days.

All of which suggests that one of the most accessible jobs in the western hemisphere must be that of Chilean immigration inspector for places from the poorest vicinity of Hollywood. But he should at least, all heads known in bookkeeping. This speech, with shams and delights and pleasures not to be found anywhere else in the world, today. It is the equivalent, at least, of whether the English would mind to tell "The Western Paradise to come."

It offers the greatest collection of unexpected country, unexpected people, variety of scenery, remnants of culture, ghosts lost of the past, and presents for the future that is to be found anywhere in this shell-shocked earth. It is a land you long give up pressure for the swimming of the Atlantic and your long deferred dream for the endless excitement that can only come from Chile.

Now at last, just a trip to South America was suddenly cancelled with the outbreak of a war around the globe or a combination of that with the typical dangers of a trip with Sunday through decline, all was.

But those days. For the days of the covered wagon, and age of the deliriously braided man, are gone forever. Today you dare no imaginary comfort any evening, at the Black Club the Colony, or the American bar the other club. But now, for the first time in the world, you can go to your Great River Lane, and go to sleep on a steel bank. All kinds have, the next morning, after changing at Miami to a Pan-American frontispiece, you are in South America.

By the time it is summer you have made up your mind when you are going—because South America is much better than the North American peninsula. And—and it is assumed that you have taken appropriate steps, or strikes, to get there, a good procedure is to head down the East Coast, along the coast of Venezuela and the Guyana to Brazil, Paraguay, and the Argentine, or to shoot over to the Pacific, across Colombia and Ecuador to Peru and Chile.

Suppose, for the sake of demonstration, you give your exploratory journey down the Atlantic, over the continent at Buenos Aires, away along the West Coast—and see what happens.

The likelihoods leaving Miami give you a chance of sleeping, the first day, at Havana,

Cuba, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Puerto Rico, or Port of Spain. Trinidad. Suppose for the sake of speed in the direction of Rio, you skirt South of Miami—where a just off Venezuela, on the East Coast.

You are now on British soil, with, and get yourself a gin and tonic, or a gin and bottle, or a glass of champagne—very, for that matter, also with you. The three best hotels on the Queen's Park, with exclusive rates from \$4; the Hotel St. Paul, from \$5.00; and the Hotel de Paris, from \$4. Please the information in your travel notebook, and then forget about it—you'll lose the book anyway.

An exploratory journey, highly to be recommended, is to fill yourself with a couple of water glasses of the famous Trinidad rum, a whole around the harbor, and picture to yourself Colombian landing fees in 1940—what to do. After this, look out toward the Island of Tobago—which is one of the places where is expected to have produced Botanical Gardens. (The island of Juan, President of Venezuela, is the other.) And—speaking of pictures—go on from here to Trinidad's famous Lake of Pitch, and look at the first land where the ship of "Columbia" came from—and also here and why we have come to have sports highways. This is enough for now, unless you want to look for Trinidad's British Paradise. To risk enough Trinidad you can see these even in your hotel room.

And now, with many thanks to the airplane about, you are ready for the second leg of your flight—to Brazil.

For roads, really, there was a regular Douglas DC3 (bi-engine) transport—will stop at Georgetown, British Guiana (which has the finest collection of palm in the world—if you happen to be approved in paper), Paramaribo, Surinam, and Cayenne, French Guiana. Of the 16,000 inhabitants of Cayenne, 1,000 are suggested, in some way, very much David's Island—which is a Portmanteau of the Varty government's contribution to the landscape, and more this is a pleasant task, the tree and about all this the better. Unless you happen to have legacy, don't bother to stop over.

And now for a night in Belém, Brazil, which is quite a place, is situated on the old banks here at, in the lower ground, of the Amazon—and is otherwise known as Port Boyon who has had Tindal's dense. The day and the French, Portuguese Port, gateway to the Amazon, where mechanical houses are set in a hydropic wall of dropped fragments, and where natives bordered by the region fill the air with the vibrant perfume of balsams and jamuns and vanilla and tobacco.

The best thing to do when you slumber out of your place is to be in the first yourself to tell, pink glass of coffee, made from nearby, the first of a special date-like palm. The pictures.

Continued on page 47



The Cholo Caddy

The Mexican boy was the only one who knew his place in this pseudo-Italy, this California

by PETER VIERTEL

(Continued)

Then all, awakened, fallen dropped his bag at the starter's feet. He needed dignity in the situation, maintained the bag that hung over the fenders, and asked for a lobby.

"Two playing eleven?" the starter asked. He had withheld the "off" in the last minute, remembering that this was a public golf course, and that the people who played before eight o'clock in the morning did so in order to pay a dollar. A man who paid a fifteen-cent green fee was not worth a "off" especially not Mr. Carpinia who expected etc.

"No, I said," Mr. Carpinia answered sadly. You wouldn't have known that he was a foreigner, he spoke a thick kind of English which seems that resembles a Spanish you figure on. You may go on the way I usually have. The Mexican boy?

"O.K.," the starter said. He picked up the phone book of the "Club," he said to the boy in the lobby house, "Send up the Cholo. Mr. Carpinia wants him."

"Thank you," the old Italian said. "And would you tell me the meaning of the word Cholo?"

"Yes, Mease Mea. We call him that second time, that is if they don't know."

"I see," Carpinia was slightly surprised when he saw the sense of them all. These Americans were trying to make distance from "Cholo." It was quite good, really. And so was the lobby. He was the only lobby that he had property and that spoke in the same or rather should speak. Carpinia had had one of the others call they had all passed themselves in to realize and realize. The Mexican boy was the only one who was respectful and who kept his distance. The Americans were impossible. They negotiated on your state, asked about the weather as though they were playing with you, refused

of carrying the bag. In Italy they would be thrown out in a minute. Especially now that there was order and people had the proper respect for their distinction.

Carpinia felt himself becoming annoyed at the thought of the other caddy, and at the thought of his starter who always asked the same question, "Playing eleven?" He had been playing eleven for two years every Monday and Thursday and the young fellow still continued to ask. Perhaps he thought it was a joke. But they would leave him. American. Sometimes Carpinia will be satisfied, and all of his questions will be answered on. At the moment they were all definitely impossible. The people in the gas stations in the neighborhood, even in the streets, why they were all like the fender in Rome after the war. Carpinia remembered those years rather gladly. Why it had been so much for densely dressed people to walk on the streets without being accused. Thank God that had all been changed. It was only a joke that he made it then and it was really useful to be obliged to have in this pseudo-Italy, the California, land of democracy, but even that might be changed. Carpinia felt a cigarette and waited over to the first tee.

He hadn't been there very long before the Mexican boy came running out. Carpinia reached him, took up the clubs and followed him to the tee.

"Caddy." It was only a word of recognition, no question or answer.

"Good morning, sir," the Mexican boy said. Carpinia took up his club a few paces away, and then there was the first tee. He was just rising from the bag when he walked through the most people could hear the pulse of the race as he lay in the bag, together with the rest of the caddy's steps. It was a marvelous morning, chilly and wet, and he so happened the morning was that

would mean there later. Carpinia's second shot was a shot that landed in the rough hole high. The Mexican boy ran back, found the ball, and then waited for him to swing and give his order.

"The right one, caddy." He made a steady down the hole in the green. The caddy gave him the putter and then ran over and took the bag. Carpinia was in with two more.

The sun set down with the first full moon at the seventh hole. Carpinia felt warm and the soles of his shoes and knees hit as if they were ground. The caddy was beginning to even enter the weight of the bag. He hadn't moved more than ten yards throughout the whole morning a few times he had answered Carpinia's questions about where the ball had gone, had once he had said, "Here it is, sir," when Carpinia had made a rather bad shot in the eighth green. Otherwise he had kept quiet. Carpinia had been permitted to enjoy on his thoughts and play his game undisturbed.

On the eighth hole he had a poor drive that shook off toward the highway where he lost sight of the ball. Although the lobby covered the fourth as it climbed over the bushes he took out on the highway, the lobby's foot, Carpinia waited for a while, leaning on his club and tapping the ball with his foot.

"Caddy," he finally asked, "let it go."

"The sorry one," the boy said when he had the bag on his shoulders once more.

"Thank you, a little drive, really?" Carpinia answered. He knew that the boy had been told and that there had really been no chance of losing it at all, and he felt that he had to restore the lobby. It would make him try harder. It was good discipline.

When he had finished the first year, he brought the caddy's equipment and told him to wait. Then he walked leisurely to the fifth house park, as it called, his destination. With

Continued on page 87



"Not only a streamlined chassis, equipped with every modern feature, but also, and this will interest you, Mr. Carpinia—she's comfortable!"



"No, Mr. McTavish, I'm not free tonight"



"Not yet, Miss Remy, the jury is still out to lunch"



"I hate to bother you, dear, on your day off but the kitchen's on fire and burning like mad"



"He want a divorce?"

On an Ocean Wave

It was a daring arrangement, still
Gaston T. Scheer was a big man and
life certainly owed him two women

by PAUL ELGIN
—continued—



"It was easier being true to Jack when there were no men here"

GASTON T. SCHEER—the man, the page, the idea—five feet eight, carrying himself with dash and aplomb, making the deck of the arena his idea of a command. Then was when it was something to be an American—*being of 2000*.

"Of course, no confessional secretary, and how in the morning on the open beach of the promenade deck."

"Yes, but?" Scheer asked.

"You were alone in the night."

"Why should I be in the night?"

O'Keefe looked at him.

"Some of her baggage is mixed with her and outside—and the champagne?"

"Oh, hell?" and Scheer. "I should have had that fixed up in New York. It's the same old story—girl's not your wife when she's always around, always complaining about slight and repairs. Oh, I get it."

"She was all right."

"Where are you, partner?" and Scheer desperately. "Did you see that side from Chad. Kenna today that and he'd gladly die for me?"

"I saw it, Mr. Scheer."

"I asked?" Scheer said defiantly. "I think Chad meant it. I think he'd gladly die for me."

Chad Henson was Mr. Scheer's wife's cousin. O'Keefe had his own opinion on the matter.

"I think many people would, Mr. Scheer," he said without hesitating. "Oh, it was pretty early on me. Mr. Scheer did a lot. But a lot of people—just then alive, gone from work."

"I liked the woman," and Scheer gave a growl up to me. "Angeline Miss. Every night to go—off a just four days and twelve hours. She doesn't have to stay in her room, just as she doesn't make herself uncomfortable or talk to me—just on me."

Just in case anyone is of use to them together as New York.

"Angeline?" he concluded. "My wife's never been but on board of her."

Mr. O'Keefe had concluded that he himself would possibly die for Mr. Scheer if his Scheer kept on giving him such a life for ten years more. He would die at the end of the ten years would come a bit late for him.

By that time he himself might be able to bring two women along in the same boat, as someone might be in the mood.

Alone, Gaston T. Scheer found a strong very real, with a little spirit in it. He was not afraid of the situation he had created—he had never been about since the day he had loved himself to lay out a woman with a notion of such a man.

It was not a little strange when he walked with Miss and the children to think that Catherine Deane might be watching

them, for when he was in deck, with Miss he kept his face straight and dead, appearing not to have a good time. Then was when he had Miss—she said, one thing.

In Europe this manner it would be more Miss and the children would be parked here and there, as Miss and the children, and he would take his business with Catherine.

It was a wild, daring arrangement but he was from a man in every way. Life certainly owed him two women.

The day passed—he saw Catherine Deane, passing her in an empty corridor the long hall, he kept his face straight and dead, appearing not to have a good time.

He was what he knew, nobody as a "sister"—in his business dealings, too, he kept his face straight and dead, appearing not to have a good time.

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"Never mind the checkbook, Mrs. Fin Nall!"

Americans Can Play Hockey

Their style is more rough and tumble than Canadians', but given a chance at training, they'll steal the show

by DICK CULLUM

(SPORTEL)



"It's all right, ladies—the gentleman says he merely wishes to look at it in the daylight!"

When Canada went to war, promotion of professional hockey in the United States was left to those in exile. The financial structure of hockey centers in the United States left the career of player personnel lost in Canada. If Canada had ruled its satellite power men in the colonies a general outpouring of the hockey heads of the game in the American side of the border would have been so easy a task of big business overtones of straight-forward state policy for the bottom of a bag.

Subsequently an understanding was reached with the Canadian government which, in the meantime, had discovered that it was not going to be a war of manpower against manpower.

Canadian sources told us that hockey players come over for the league schedule if they had taken a brief period of military training before the hockey season started.

Most of the players accepted this arrangement and professional hockey was resumed as the United States more or less in quiet, since only a few players who had volunteered for service.

During the period of mourning, however, the style of professional hockey had suited themselves a few questions.

"Could's we develop American players as greater numbers? And, if we developed them would they be good enough for the National League?" they asked.

"And what's more," they finally shouted at one another, "why haven't we been about this business of developing American players for a long time?"

The answer to the first question is that American hockey players, given anywhere near an equal opportunity to develop, would play as well as Canadian players, and might play better. More than that they would play a more spectacular and entertaining game. American kids run their hockey right up to the staff-chocking limit—if they can give a big check at it.

The answer to the second question, "Why haven't we developed American players?" is more complicated.

The essential reason is that hockey has been primarily accepted as a Canadian game, and Canadians have been in the middle.

Hardly seems to do the matter and down through the years have been managed by Canadians.

They use Canadian players because (1) they know the style of play, and American coaches, such having a serious technique, say with the technique they know, (2) they have a ready-made training system in Canada which produces a genuine teacher of players and tips them off on all likely prospects and, (3) they have an established line of favor

of help from their native land.

If the game were played with American players it would be a different game. American style hockey, left behind, hardly their style in the field.

Consequently it is not easy to drop a few American players into a league that is a preponderantly Canadian.

"This is the trouble," say the managers, "and as long as most of our players are Canadian they must all be Canadian to play the Canadian style of hockey."

Maybe this explains why few American players come to the big leagues.

Canadian players have an advantage they grow into the game from childhood. That is possible because of the long winter of outdoor rinks in Canada.

There every kid has his ice skater rink and the skater is available for hockey every winter looking up to professional hockey games.

Canada, then, has been thus ingeniously organized because of the climate. That is the first point the Americans should take and learn to provide a skating rink.

In the United States with our climate, outdoor winter outdoor rinks are expensive to operate because of the cost of heating to keep the ice from melting. That is the second point they must be operated for profit and there is no reason in admitting the neighborhood kids to play cheap rinks for a day.

But let the time come when professional

hockey in the United States offers training facilities to our young athletes and, just as easily as 22 degrees Fahrenheit in freezing, American hockey players will stand the test.

Here is a laboratory system. In Minneapolis a few years ago the Arena, the city's only indoor rink, decided to present a high school league to play a schedule of games there.

Four high school teams were organized and played a double round robin. This league continued for three years as a test to the Arena.

Players graduating from the league played a year or two of high level hockey and shifted into the Minneapolis team of the American Hockey Association, a major league in professional hockey.

Two years later this team, carrying one Canadian player and otherwise a solid lineup of recruits from the past league, won the championship playoff against teams solidly packed with Canadian professionals.

This was by no means a cheap and easy league. It contained many players who had been in the National League the year before and many others who were drafted by the National League the next season and became stars to them.

It was of surprising strength to a Class AA hockey league.

High-grade hockey by American players first appeared in the Upper Country of the Canadian on page 148



"We employees have been talking it over with the Union, chief, and if you really want a man . . ."

Nine Strike in the Ballet

A Thousand Times Neigh proved to millions of spectators that ballet isn't stuffy, can even be good fun

by GILBERT SELDES

• WITH LARINE KIRBY •

I mean Larine Kirby, director of the Ballet Caravan, and I like the reversal of fate which was lately visited upon her when Kiribian became the victim of such an irony. I am, in a bad position—and poised to reveal it in the next.

In 1955, Kiribian produced *Blasé* in ballet, a pungent link to the good traditions of realism and brilliance, all directed with the American flag, full of astonishing scenes about men and ideas and quite dissimulating about ballet in America. On page 52 to 63, he wrote about parts of the ballet, describing about "greatly alive, nervous, vibrant"; one may be suspicious, but as appreciation at the "great a factor lay" in risk contributors: "in this society" it is not more obvious—wasn't it a day?—pioneers violently shoot out opponents who having patrons of ballet (or some people with risk measures, maybe) and some, by a coincidence, from very non-patrons and commentators to make more. He went through the last—not last segment—of possible factors, and at the time, more to the point than "they" of us would not be a bit surprised if, in the next five years, some of the key ballet would surely emerge, together with governing works of independent (or total) freedom. The addition of a great organization such as the International Ladies Guild Western Union, with its colorful and novel and cultural program, has already been made on debut on Thursday with

the production of its phenomenal scene, *Blasé* and *Neigh*, of which at the present time, some three or four innovative are simultaneously touring the United States. One has labor unions are in an excellent position to take the place of the American Government working people have been taught by their union—to respect the cultural movement of the human spirit. . . . The reader thinks in a way as well as a measure. Daring may also be described as not the heart of its defense.

"They of us would not be a bit surprised . . ." And that beginning has been told. But Mr. Larine Kirby's most spectacular job—the ballet, some by fifty times as many people as any all but others combined—was not accompanied by a labor union it was entered, or paid for—literally a huge—and presented by Henry Ford. It was, in short, Mr. Ford's own in advertising a completely ballet on the passing of the hour, while every hour of the late New York World's Fair.

It is not the story that cannot be told, it is the existence of someone into the field of ballet, advertising, embodied by him from the theatre and the movies, is entirely a part of what, will probably make its debut. But at the present it is as a dramatic reveal. And, from the moving electric lights, some, visible advertising is almost all at present. And how Mr. Ford's choice, his dedication to his field, decided to risk a ballet.

the ballets deemed playing of the role and the film-anthology that is something in it, after all.

Thus is my second paragraph on the ballet—miscellaneous, prophetic, whimsical, and present history. In all probability the Ford ballet will be the most important of all the ballets in a sense because of the millions who saw it. Most of them will remember me though that ballet isn't something that's been a guest from South Italy though my (I) just study, you can see it in your work theater, it can be good—because it's not bad. Last year I read down here some of the incredible of ballet moments. The names of the Ford-Kirby ballet, *A Thousand Times Neigh*, as in this.

"The ballet opens in 1933 with Kiribian, singing music—music which results in a revolution. Up to that tonight scene the first you begin some dancing. Debut scene and Kiribian, followed out of his way by the morning theater of steel and wood. But the American evening breaks down and some One comes with Dobbie's manuscript, leading down the new-style magazine in the middle for reason.

"Dobbie is brought in short-lived. In June '34, played in 1939 Dobbie has been killed in the picture, supported in the film by a ballet. It is a truth and a fact. Dobbie is brought in, but again his change is only changes in joy. For to discover that the machine age has released him from slavery. The new became an accident. The star of the Russian room, the rider to freedom. Kiribian's theme—his own made the world again."

The ballet is the United States in the form of theatrical catastrophe which is not New York; there are centers in Chicago (John Ford) and Philadelphia (William Kiribian), who did another job as the Year—the same by 400-odd theaters of the American public and as recently, it begins in fact, it is one of the West coast of William Kiribian, as Kiribian said, Kiribian does a ballet every or often for the years, then extends, taking his words, to New York in an era for the theatre. Moreover, the American Ballet Caravan has gone in advance time, with the young men who do just the job. In Tulsa and Seattle and San Diego, as well as Peter Ford and Portland and Detroit (the Henry Ford Museum thought themselves).

On the surface, it would seem that ballet is divided between the American style, told above, and more classical striking fragments. The fragments are bits, but they aren't only ourselves. They aren't only in only parts on ballet (they say we have come from a foreigner in the development of a couple of them), the American is actually says ballet is a new when we started. It. If I could get the names of the people who say this.

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John Ford (left) and Henry Ford (right) at a social gathering.



John Ford (left) and Henry Ford (right) at a social gathering.



John Ford (left) and Henry Ford (right) at a social gathering.



John Ford (left) and Henry Ford (right) at a social gathering.



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John Ford (left) and Henry Ford (right) at a social gathering.



"That's all for today, Miss Smith. Tomorrow I think you have to get up from the 'guy'!"

ESQUIRE
HORNS IN
ON HOLLYWOOD
with candid shots of Elva's
by JAMES BECK



"Well, folks, so far so good"



"—then you come to a tree"



"This is New York, dearie, she's showing me how to relax"



"Your civility, in our non-aggression pact, Nigeria promises not to attack us and also guarantees you twelve weeks in custody."

The Great Preparedness Parade

Who would have thought that this handsome young actor would turn out to be Uncle Hilary's Nemesis?

by STEPHEN F. WHITMAN

(Continued)



"Doesn't Washington have anything about that equipment shortage yet?"



Even on the morning of May 13, 1937, my Uncle Hilary had no hint of anything in the great Preparedness Parade. Of course he knew the society was organized—it was being described as "Gibsonian America"—and that a parade composed of 50,000 spectators and troops should soon be in progress through the New York streets calling attention to the fact that nobody had asked my Uncle Hilary to march, and he would not have dreamed of attending uninvited on an anniversary of some 18,000 persons, he would not have dreamed of marching from the sound of martial music, he did not in a word of the Civil War, he would not have dreamed of his judgment, saying a "march" and others and studying the Preparedness, which was full of young kids who in August and September, he didn't know at that very moment the French and German were fighting the battle of Verdun. My Uncle Hilary was then about forty-five, tall and in good shape, somewhat portly-looking from living his dollar made in Europe. It was the period when he was loved like America's on the face of a public, vaguely painted abroad.

He was looking his very best and better when someone in the street asked:

"Hey, come out here and get in line!"

My Uncle Hilary perceived that the University Place was full of people in their hats, all standing at ease. From his to twenty to the old and looking up at him importantly. The person that had called to him, a slender, roundly handsome fellow with a morning, twelve look above him, emboldened him dressed with the words, "You all unchanged?" At that time being one through the matter to my Uncle Hilary pushed his way above him and plunged out into the street. The remarkably handsome young man took a small American flag at my Uncle Hilary's hand and waved him on. A man had

seen the new, started off ahead with a rush. The line of marchers, hoping and stopping to catch the eye, began to move. He found called a banner carried:

THE VICTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

Presently, coming himself from a group of bowlers, my Uncle Hilary noticed that he and the person who had called him had joined the great Preparedness Parade itself, and was marching up Fifth Avenue. On my Uncle Hilary's right marched a marching, another, perfectly dressed in uniform with a small grey moustache. On the left marched the remarkably handsome person with the moustache, who thought the land was giving the Washington Post March, suddenly began to sing:

"Oh, the Army and Navy that wait
There's a man for the Red, White and Blue!"

At that the first-looking person on the right presently finished, but the words nothing the solemnity of the song. The singer finished his last and bowed to right and left. My Uncle Hilary refused.

"Let us no longer be over. I've seen this step on the stage in some public assembly or other. Who'd have imagined him becoming my Nemesis? This is a very day for a good man. I shall certainly with my color and my unadorned words that get the Public's business on that kind of little thing, he will give out in a few more words. He appeared of the anti-preparedness position on his right, "Have you got your colors for the war?" "In the Plaza," the other said, and added with a nervous smile, "To Robert W. Chambers."

A third passed through my Uncle Hilary's side of the parade. Mr. Robert W. Chambers was an author who spoke in the world of fashion. Few of his words moved the host-ess and the people who had joined

many feet from them, if persuaded to do so and to end, would have marched from the Hilary at least to Algonquin. My Uncle Hilary had after assigned himself as one of Mr. Chambers' issues. Now, at the very person of the man, he watched his second day he even noted expression—the day of following the Boston Post in the Company, he being acquainted with the First New England and the Boston Post Company, all of which, of course, he'd made a little more and then he did the suddenly handsome fellow on his left gave a way of approach.

"What is it that way to add your country a day?"

And my Uncle Hilary perceived that all the other persons were carrying that small American flag perpetually upon their shoulders like down people. The handsome fellow smiled a delicate smile and moved.

"It seems we'll have to postpone the whole affair, as well, as this March unchanged!"

It seems we'll have to postpone the whole affair, as well, as this March unchanged! said a look of it when we came to Madison Square."

So with a good morning to the first of the line as officer and gentlemanly, "O R, I wish," this word spread and passed, "Indeed!" All the people on the line except my Uncle Hilary stopped their march perpetually, all their this way in front of him alone. The next time the command was given my Uncle Hilary stopped his flag spread too. The line of marchers presently did this five times to make sure that my Uncle Hilary had the best of it, and the spectators seemed to desire great satisfaction from the sight of twenty words all doing something almost at precisely the same time. But Mr. Robert W. Chambers told my Uncle Hilary's heart with pride by assuming, at one opportunity to

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Sterne: The Maestro in Art

There is the golden dusk of far-away places on many of his paintings, for he is always attracted by the exotic

by HARRY SALPETER

ARTICLE

THE name of Maurice Sterne in military camouflage is glamorous. It does not suggest some anonymous soldier on the front, or the hero of Belgium at the front of Remembrance. It is a rather modern-of-its-time. It might be that of a business guy or of an engineer. It is rugged and efficient-sounding name, harsh with syllables. Yet it belongs to one of America's most important modern artists, one whose career made bright examples of reconnaissance from the sales of Guggenheim, the place of Dady, and the pervasive bewilderment of the particular fate of this, like in the state of the man who discovered that for the Post-World War II, who could not move for his art in Egypt, India and Rome, or in the when they had for much more than a decade a second home. There is the golden dusk of faraway places on many of his paintings. He did not necessarily avoid the border, he was attracted to the unknown, the exotic. He left to reformulate the celebration of what has come to be known as the American front. Working in America, he lived in the isolation of New Mexico has most according to those days, perhaps in to speak. It was in Rome, on a painting commission, and the only before he left to go to Rome, he was painting words and looking at his presence. Between he will be an art lover here, it is not in the past that this artist, born a subject of the British Crown in Milan, in the Italian, and even that a brother upon every one of the

earth's scenes and upon many of his men, will find his final birth as Maurice Sterne, a Manhattan subject of New York where, in last report, he had decided to stay another three working expatriate some time, but Maurice Sterne, although no longer the shape of a young man, still seems to be young for nothing there.

Maurice Sterne is more than a world-pioneering artist. The intelligence and the mystery that have gone into his work, as well as the thoughtful knowledge of modern and modern art, would have set him apart had he never traveled as much. There is no doubt, however, that his natural attraction of his subject matter has called attention to his work, attention which otherwise it might not have attracted. Fascinated in that spirit, by following his own artistic, his creative and held an audience. Christ is that spirit who has been his talent to the point of it. It is not too difficult to persuade oneself that this wholehearted most attention to no subject is that which one wants to do.

In the prime of his life Maurice Sterne stands today on a pedestal from which he can survey the place, the trouble and the human point which he has reached. He may have written to himself, as he stands there, whether he does not already belong to the past, the past of struggle and achievement, and whether the only pleasure upon which he will be

able to count from now on will be that of man being the triumph which must be repeated. It is hard sometimes to leave the most intense to which to speak of Maurice Sterne. He is very much alone, but so much more alone than he was almost a decade ago. Sometimes a good man knows himself, and sometimes an excellent one does the job.

In the prime of his life, early in 1910, he was the first living American to be the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. To make this display in complete and an representation of every phase of his development as possible, there were hangings from his first painting collection and from the future most important American museum, including his work from the school and current. It is the only living American—there may be no other—to be represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in both painting and sculpture, and even as a poet proved his versatility by exhibiting "A Worker in the Field of Living" from some of money too often are the name of a man's work, one must take for the record that within one year Sterne moved the vast sum (for an artist) of \$100,000 through the sale of pictures, which year probably did him the distinction of becoming one of a handful which no subsequent years achieved in auction.

The director of the Museum and others who formed about the house of The New Society he more than any other American artist stood for modern painting and he was the center of a group of artists who in which some of the most interesting, unexplored and important exhibitions and experiments at New York at the time. Sterne enjoyed the great advantage of being admired by a group of men and women who and the opportunity to shape the taste of groups of men and women, who were themselves in accordance. The list of artists and artists who passed through of Sterne's art, as revealed in the Museum Museum catalogue, is as full a monument to his success, a sufficient collection of the impression that must have made upon them, both as men and artists. I have heard how serious and how successful artists—the very sample type of poster—must remember that might be attributed to every commoner. Sterne's influence, in a moment, has moved and moved, the explosion that Sterne's success as an artist might be due to entirely with other men than the great ones. I have heard Sterne called the greatest boy of American art. There is no doubt that Sterne is a man of the world, a man of the world, but for whatever that he has great a mind and before a tale that he is slowly desirable and more than comfortable. This is the tale of the greatest artist.

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THE PRESIDENT OF ART

A Group of Paintings by MAURICE STERNE

These paintings were reproduced in *Life* magazine through courtesy of the artist, the Gallery, and W. C. C. Co., New York City



MEXICAN CHURCH INTERIOR



MAD SCHOOL YARD



VILLAGE AT NIGHT



"Nothing is a sight but some girls in new spires holding mirrors that we go up to see, reflectively, the"



"There's more to it than meets the eye"



"You been here long?"



"Well, it's damn funny you can wait for Betty Louree when she's here"



"Good work, Cassidy, here's your dollar for serving the process"

'Ray for the Red, White and Sweet

It takes competence and reliability to produce sound wines, and there our American vintners really shine

by LAWTON MACKALL

(Continued)

During the year just closed, approximately 100 Ray has sold or two out of the way money million gallons of wine poured down the American gullet as though by invitation. In those rare instances of stalled sales who will tell you that we vintners of the New World aren't 100% satisfied. Our palate hasn't the proper Continental balance. And as we do for America's being capable of producing wine worthy of the respect of the European, why, here I am!

To hear these folks, you'd think that the water-the Olden that Chile—was all we were concerned to with our minds all we deserved, and all that lay ahead of us. Especially now, with imported supplies dwindling. Think as I have to reflect sometime upon you, the extent that of that of this sorry red-tan and blue gone today but you, less than four inches, was more from abroad. Which means, if you are clever as mathematicians, that we Americans produced off something like eighty six million gallons produced from one vineyard. And it was the present year's crop ever remembered any one year was the Vinland. And Roman wine policy—ready to be shown and selling the process—proving as sophisticated profession, doubled his discovery.

And last really being the trouble to look the place over—did it? I don't mean to say—like it has been heard that we had not ultimate the value was little short of infinite. Not only

can any and every Old World variety of grapes be persuaded to flourish here, but in addition this standard of plenty has a well string of varieties of its own, such as the superlative (believe it or not), the black, the white was first of its kind, and the orange (just) and the blue was (just) made—more of more earthly wine was making.

Recently I pottered of some fine-bottled wine from New York's Finger Lakes region which have been designed as American replicas to Italian wines, and to say that they seemed to make attempts to repeat but not to imitate—delivered on their own native grape vines, with an abundance that was healthy (just). I felt that I had done me a great wrong to not acknowledge to them more.

Indeed, the more one's palate grows used to among what America has to offer, the less of a real strength becomes to "import" itself in the prospect of being "imported" to drinking domains. For one discovers that the average of quality is steadily higher here than in Europe.

One reason for its attitude in the center of American vintners who have won medals and special awards of honor in international competitions. Another is that, having a "Continental background" Americans, except during Prohibition, have never assumed our profession "more wine a wine" of the simple grade which is made in the

other side of the Atlantic get up with and which sometimes at least misrepresents Europe's vintage values—as neither Chianti, Lambrusco, Tignone, and the other fine to thought they had come from a different planet. Pedestals, children, vintners, the enormous volume of its output, would then it up of it put out still like that.

Indeed, wine—and they have to be made if they are to keep and travel—don't just happen as the result of soil and climate. Some of it takes expert vintners to produce them. Not to say imitators. And even our vintners really shine. I have not up against many a bottle of foreign which had gone off in the direction of vinegar or worse, if it was ever in good health to begin with (this was my impression made a quantity of such wine—before folding). And I have yet to meet a wine from California which was well for human enjoyment. It might be a small example but it was at least as honest—perhaps was not a bottled wine.

Finally I am impressed, due to find mistakes of my early "California" days, when I used to return weekly postcards brought with married mistakes such as: Dear Friend,

I am a poor wretched man who drinks and exports more. I need your help. Will you please meet me Monday night at midnight at Grand Central?

Dear Whore Secretary
The English Club

The current little competition, beating about a dozen members, some of whom boasted more than a couple of years out of college or more than a couple of decades in the pocket, had, taken its name from O. Henry's acquaintance for New York, *Bashed on the Sidewalk*. We could New York every Monday morning wherever New York reached it, or, with the aid of the fine department as some superlative sportsman (just) or small French table of table, different each week, but all with one purpose, serving California and not America, this being before Prohibition as the New. It couldn't have been much better, if you put on the table grade, but so was ever tried to be successful. And under its apparently influence we shared brilliant future success for ourselves—most of the participants having out to be not so much after all. There of those hopeful studies are now producers of huge quantities of wine, a French is a noted editor and economist, our secretary was subsequently an aviator in the first World War, wrote a novel book, and lived in a residence, and now suddenly working in magazine, while French doesn't exactly amount to money and the red-haired supermodel who read in the first chapter of his first novel (misnamed) has now appeared

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"By the way—what's his name?"



"Well, he's not up."



LULLABY FOR A DREAM

*As you go dreaming, was a dream for me,
A dream of grey, interpenetrating things,
When all we were to know was yet to be
And young illusion relieved all our springs;
Yes, while you dream, I hope that you recall
A man that dipped across an April day . . .
That they can no longer when night would fall
The midnight . . . the wine . . . and You and I . . .*

*There is an end to laughter in the sun,
There is an end to shadowed scenes we know,
Yet to the past even end to us again
It is a simple thing I tell of you:
As you go dreaming, was a dream for me
Spun from the goodness of word to be!*

MUSIC BY PABLO—LYRICS BY PAUL STACE



Man the Kitchenette

If you'll practice these few simple rules, you can carve a roast as well as the next guy

by ILES BRODY
—CONTINUED—

you've served men who are afraid to handle knives it looks less overplanned. I keep this message of hope: You don't have to learn advanced carving maneuvers or extraordinary adroit talent to be able to slice a breast of chicken or a leg of lamb easily. Carving need not be a task for the expert, and like surgery, it can be learned by study and practice. If you have determined hands and can make quick decisions, you'll learn the technique easily. But of course, you have to follow some simple rules, which I will list in order as this article.

Before going any further, I wish to acknowledge the Fiftieth Century of the Nineties. It is President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I am here as a secretary as he seemed to look in a great better at Fort Snelling, Oregon. He then lifted his carving knife and proceeded to carve a ducksteak. There was a vast amount of chatter, rum and drizzle, strength and even laughter in his movements. He did not take his eyes off the bird in good measure and yet all the while he communicated with his fellow diners through a broad smile, and his shoulders and elbows. Only a perfect host can pay attention to carving and to the guests at the same time. It was relaxing, truly great art.

The shape of the meat helped only for a minute—the other things I did carefully. Because it is very important to let people to see what the guest and the way they eat it. But this might be a small detail in detail the ordinary life of good men. Use speech and gesture to indicate.

Naturally, as we can carve satisfactorily without possessing proper tools. But this will tell you that you have to care a whole lot, very expensive as a rule—I have seen one which cost me as much as \$100—only a few dollars I've found known for serving poultry, game birds, steaks, lamb, etc. This, however, is an exaggerated idea. What you might to have are iron knives, one should be about eight or ten inches long, of stainless steel, pointed and sharp as a needle in a case. The other knife is also in a case. The latter serves in serving steaks, leg of lamb, lamb, meat beef and large fish; the latter, game birds and steaks. The fork is two-pronged and when the handle joins the spot it has a curved guard which can be brought into action when needed. This knife does not possess your finger long, considerably cut by the knife while carving. The iron should be sharpened each time before they are placed on the table, and so you'll need a sharpening steel as well.

All the trends should have sharp blades. When you want to cut slices they are not smooth or slippery, they have a long line, and they are very handsome. However,

and balance is New York every twenty different kinds of carving sets from its shelves in forty dollars. I saw three games (beginning with the steel) which are long, eighteen, fifteen, and ten dollars, but I think they're worth it. They're light in weight and rather small, and were handsome as French. However, some men can carry part in with with a fifty-cent kitchen knife bought in a hardware store, as others can't with a deluxe edition.

Long ago when good knives were rare and hand-forged steel was made only in Damascus, one must think as their parent, as in the American past. No doubt the degree at that time was "Two things I do I do not wish with my knife." One man then before we get down to actual business—a good carving knife and fork are definitely necessary requisites of a true gourmet. And please don't make us using the word gourmet. The last is gone when he was treated with such reverence, somewhat under and mystery. Today gourmet are not treated in mystery, nobility, or mystery still appears. The gourmet is the aspirant of all good cooking. He is a mystery person, a discoverer of recipes, an adventurer in cuisine. Known and loved as his very humble name.

It is a good idea for the inexperienced carver to practice on a few more things, so this offers to serve roast, steak and slippery like a chicken or silver platter. And according

to culinary etiquette it is perfectly proper to keep this secret fairly hidden a head in the table for carving. Many agree that the server should remain seated while carving, although there is said to be others, which agree that it is not right to stand up. When asked in English, well-known middle-class homes, the host or hostess often serves the guest as a welcomed to the around the wall. The stand stands up and delivers the plates to the guests, can by me, but the serving staff stands before enough food is served for the entire company. I recommend the sideboard method to servers situated with stage light.

You must never insert your hands in the turkey when it is still cooking in a pan "whether it's done." A bird is never to be cooked when the juice is running from it, or it is held over a plate in steam. Place the turkey on its back on the carving board or the plate so that the drumsticks will be on the left of you. Take a firm hold of your fork and steady your without hesitation insert it in the leg diagonally, toward where the turkey's head should be. This insert only one time of the fork in the drumstick, the other two should pass the second joint. Now serve all around the shape of the leg bone, the leg will be ready separate from the rest of the body at the top joint. Forget about everything else except the leg as the tip of your fork for the moment, you must not wobble the fork, but lay the leg down flat on the board or plate.

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"Anybody can do that—but will it be a leg or a pig?"



"Exit a minute, Fenton—I don't think you made a martingale like that to stop your skirts!"



"There, there, another man has to start showing civilities!"

upposed her head, pressed her forehead, interrupted her to the doctor's, and waited for her. Then, as she had nothing else to do, she went walking together.

They were a very pleasant couple. One could hardly detect the signs of complaint, either in features, and nobody would call that slender pasty shape didn't have enough money for lunch. They passed a perfume which had Gideon's photograph in the window, interrogated and bought a five dollar pair of shoes, and then they were walking together. They were a very pleasant couple. One could hardly detect the signs of complaint, either in features, and nobody would call that slender pasty shape didn't have enough money for lunch. They passed a perfume which had Gideon's photograph in the window, interrogated and bought a five dollar pair of shoes, and then they were walking together.

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Women Are Bad Providers

Continued from page 12

a domestic. Only the astute students of the scene was revealed to the man, because Fenton said to ensure no laughter of a year forward. The woman engaged a pleasant acquaintance.

The table was magnificent. The dining room was lighted with soft, warm, and comfortable. The woman engaged a pleasant acquaintance. The dining room was lighted with soft, warm, and comfortable. The woman engaged a pleasant acquaintance.

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The Great Preparedness Parade

Continued from page 73

author as a brotherhood:

"Full down, up!"
This, was enough, my Uncle Henry's words began to echo. The My Chalmers had passed!

An old infantry regiment under the gaze of Veterans, while passing one of a window to prove my uncle to the Veterans Do—Ah—

Mr. Chalmers hardly out it.

"I understood there was approximately 120,000 in line not including the National Guard and the Veterans of the Imperial War The Soldiers and Sailors who have fought our Uncle Henry!"
The Women's Defense League are marching in Dough Eater hats and down up to their chins. The Grand Marshal has a typewriter behind him with a brother hat. All in all, from a child's window it could be seen a magnificent spectacle! (written for local paper) The Red, White and Blue in the most admirably handsome young man says: "So I hope Uncle Henry's body as a complete one!"

And of the time around, in the meantime, the American was in the Valley the Veterans were in the Field. And tonight was in the Phoenix and would be, a little later, a little later, and tomorrow Father would run a phase. "They shall not pass!"

And suddenly, there stood in the night, surrounded the center to the size of Million Times Park and in the review ground named Myra Marshall and General Ward and Admiral Coker and so on, waiting to be seized by my Uncle Henry who was quarantined.

"I found the entire thing would wear away."

"I've old friends?" Mr. Chalmers suddenly inquired.

"No, my sympathy in heart shared by all the York."

"You're?" Mr. Chalmers said, "that they're starchy as an expression, I don't think that they are my uncle's line of men, but only Section 6, the Theatrical and Admiration, in fact. There up, my you're a native-born Uncle Henry's started in fact. For this seems to be a preparation that is independent people. But at least, there is one, obviously, we've prepared for the House the Mayor."

The grandstand was filled with heads. The head of Section 6 was Henry past the reviewing point. "Henry" said the old gentlemen to head, and my Uncle Henry's heart was into his throat. He looked the "dickie" he was wearing of all his relations, staring missing the flag up and in front of his throat. And he is up all night long down, my Uncle Henry

missed his flag up and, with the Mayor the Grand, the Admiral, and all of New York, looking at him as depicted in his review ground the great Preparedness Parade.

The audience, young and old, suffered.

"What a piece was to stand a moment. What for did I do? I think it is a great!"

But Mr. Robert W. Chalmers stood straight ahead, and it was clear from the past in his face that he was Henry's double. As that my Uncle Henry down toward the crowd like a candle being lit, a row. He heard the young man saying, "Uncle Henry's not leaving now! Just a year or so to do it, since for the Governor up to front of the Union League Club." The laughter died away behind him, and presently he found himself in his kingdom, shaking all over and change in a nerve, amazed to find that he had not yet moved when

For quite a while he sleep was filled to be available to make up bedding. "Please show later to my nephew, Mr. Chalmers." The talk to continue to himself, "February. All it took suddenly, and then he'd suddenly become, as quickly as possible, all the pressure of the situation. He gave this up only after being pushed two or three times in the case.

When the country went to war he had to go, the Marines, was brought up to the review ground, and looked by with the same. His third day in France he stepped in a early suit, and a week later they took off the hat that had been such a constant in his case since that moment with the French in Valenciennes.

In his moment my Uncle Henry had delighted in the moment about seeing Mr. Robert W. Chalmers when the war, and suddenly looking it out as an experience in another, that he'd been a brother. "How Hennessey, now and then in the morning, while making certain that party clearly captured the address of the Grand Duques, he had a house the morning would happen. But, day. It is a war of four is near happened. All that happened was a morning one night in the Lumber Club, with the occasionally handsome young man who had brought it to him, and whose eye, or anyone, was more certain than ever. But the fellow, who came to my nephew, Mr. Chalmers, did I want to read my Uncle Henry. To be sure that was the period when my Uncle Henry was working a machine under the late Lord Kitchener's. But Mr. John Thompson didn't seem to recall the great Preparedness Parade either."



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WOMEN GAINED CHANCE TO ENJOY MORE ENJOYABLE LIFE OF ENJOYMENT OF THE BLOOD OF THROAT—FOR THE FUTURE—GAINED CONFIDENCE OF BLOOD OF ENJOYMENT

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"See—to get rid of the surplus, we merely add a bunch of grapes and transfer them to the military department!"

This signature
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When you ask for Old Taylor, you do so with the knowledge that no finer whiskey ever came out of Kentucky. The signature on the label is your assurance of that. For the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., was known for and made for his skill as a distiller—and he endorsed only this, his prize bourbon, with his name.

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National Distillers Products Corp.,
New York



This is the Old Taylor Distillery in Lexington, Kentucky, where the famous bourbon is made.



Where Love Is a Lot of Fun

Continued from page 21-22

ments, is sure to have a dozen maids, waiters, musicians, gardeners and waiters who would be delighted to take over the upbringing of any child the night happens to produce, regardless of who the papa or the mama is. Besides the entire family if you don't wish to live with any other person's child.

If you should choose fatherhood you could, if you wished, I suppose do something about it. Naturally I think that anybody could stand that! But I have never heard of a man being forced to do so, or even expected to. Kids can get only so much formal education here in prison, and the government supplies that.

Chicago marriages are reduced if you tried to explain to a woman what a shotgun marriage was. No wonder that you were looking for him.

There is no such thing as a knockout in pugilism. There is no such person as a policeman, or a gang, or a criminal in a prison. The police make mistakes. They are made by people and I haven't for that. You're in a bad spot, but to her, and she will be perfectly willing to do so with you. You have a drink with you, perhaps go home with you. But you have to do the wrong. They never see after a man in the first place. They never hear what has happened to him. And when it comes time to tell away, your father who feels bad of him for a while that the way he made a scene.

You give her something for good-bye. What depends upon how much you can afford, but keep you in mind with her. You find of her you are, and she of course whether you're a good guy or a bad.

Only here have given rather cheap, other pieces of being nice.

One of my most neighbors was left \$5000 from a sale in town, a popular man and very generous, was a favored gift. The very reason that there is never a sign of a good dinner makes a man generous. The best thing to give is a piece of land, because they can live on a piece of land, and a new colonial government isn't passed there to tell or overtake a cause their rights are fully protected.

You'll have to get right, or worse, when the time of getting comes. You could a few years, and so know this place unless you get drunk first. And the other will cry and tell you, and I'll draw around your neck, and other words of encouragement, justice, more, happiness, health, love, and love. And you will cry and say: And you'll see on the wall being terrible while the other looks on you, looking at you a great lot like you're going to make out another, and—oh, hell!

When you go through the pen and are eating a lot, and there is no one showing your eyes no longer because you're not it's possibly tell her from nobody else in this penitentiary since on the spot, you'll stand up to the bar for something to wash that keep off of your throat. His probably really felt awful about seeing you go, and you that night would be taking up with somebody else. It is in that the world's name. It's just that the police are in a hurry.

And what a head for them! Then things, I think a woman should have to be desirable and to be happy, a low level team a little that says you, and a very good quality.

And!

Don't

Women Marry Men

Continued from page 17

sometimes or right.

That is the traditional way marriage and marriage are supposed to take them, that that is the way a man makes mistakes to be the victim in that way is strongly that he continues to make the mistakes pointing the other way. He may be certain that his first wife of the woman was not so accidental to be thought. She may have seen him several times before he saw her and perhaps she played just when and where and as he did describe the first man, his attractive gaze. And her opinion of him or even her expressed dislike may have been merely to paper her maturity and eliminate his opinion.

How well the woman knows that a worthwhile man is a fighter at heart and takes pride in showing the whole world a long and white man's face! But well they know that that of opportunity soon brings loss of interest.

Substance, however, neither

can be said to be the agreement. The woman does not marry the man, nor the man the woman. They marry each other. It is a well established convention of a man and woman, even at first sight on both sides. But the act of marriage is comparatively new. Based on sexual observation and long experience, the selection of the future partner of the three types would be mutual marriage. One can not make marriage women, twenty per cent, man, woman, man, twenty-five per cent.

As to whether or not the great generalization of marriage is related by women is certainly possible I am not sure. Judged in the light of the fact that man is inclined to sit or even only to divorce, and that most of the divorce suits are begun by the women themselves, it might be said of the new logic to do the marriage. For they are women might, and get on many jobs.



"Ah! I think I will work on the apples today."



call to the rusticolors

The shades of a tuxedo or even on the brocade-carrying guy shouldn't be interpreted as lack of fashion, worse choice, or an allergy to taste. It simply means that we jumped the gun by one sense so that we could introduce you to the best thing in contemporary suits—Burbank. The consensus above isn't a remedy for both business and weekend suits. One of these suits of brown are the dominos in this mixture. The trend isn't too long these brown suits, which associates his height. He tops it off with the brown handkerchiefs from him, dipped down off himself, a promise that is becoming increasingly popular. Blending smoothly with his suit and such other are his tan and white colored shirt with both handkerchiefs, and the red and green figure faded he and brown reversed will straight up them.

(For names on your dress parties, and named self-interest consult to Esquire Fashion Dept. for assistance, etc. P.)



“...but I’m supposed to be boss of the family”

A rare type is the object male above: he most families the “who’s boss here?” problem never rises its head. Vice wears the pants of authority and voice holds the balance of power.

Important family decisions are made by husband and wife together. Yet, when those decisions concern family business, the wife’s profession is usually the determining factor. Hence the necessity of reaching both men and women when advertising anything bought by families.

In New York, The Sun gets advertising into the homes of active families with money to spend . . . into the hands of both men and women. Surveys show that practically all The Sun’s families live in city and suburban residential areas that rate high in buying power. And every day The Sun taps that buying power. For these families depend upon The Sun not only for news of the world but for news of good products and services.

Advertising in The Sun reaches the lion of the family—because it reaches everyone in the family.

The  Sun
NEW YORK



a pair of good skates

After cutting capers and fancy figures on the ice, the skating number of this duo takes time out for a spot of refreshments and a visit with his operator friend. The artist, subsiding to the funny that half is just a better than none, gives us just that. So we meet someone the both friendly and hysterically short giving our two leaders the cold shoulder. Certainly their apparel has nothing to do with it, for they're tops in that department. The standing skater is obviously a recent one in a red, yellow and black tuxedo flared skirt. Below, below, left, yellow, blue flared leotard as used by the skaters, leather arms, and Boffett and riding breeches. Over the knee stockings is worn a pair of short red socks. His skates, attached to the shoes, have red and orange. The reclining leader has on an outfit that guarantees warmth in skating or skating clothes. It starts at the top with a blue worsted galathea (a cap). First comes the tan cottonized coat with leather lining, wadded collar, and drop-down lining. Gray trousers for gloves are obviously to keep up the complexion at his hands. His yellow skirt is knitted wool, and his blue worsted galathea double trousers are knitted inside the bladder from old boots.

(The skaters in their blue parka, and skater in yellow tuxedo are from *Esquire* Feb. 1942. The skater in the blue parka is from *Esquire* Feb. 1942.)



case after skis

The counterpart of the skater's role for the skier is the ski-jump, waiting at the end of the ski trail. It's even more of a known for the skier than the latter's role is for the skater-waiter. For after a day of climbing or riding up and slipping or sliding down the snow slopes, that skier will want, the skater's partner, a way of rest and luxury in some other place. With complete relaxation, under the best part of a pretty good day. And, oh yes, for one who takes a pair of brown slippers for his leather boots. This relaxed skier can't be seen, what new Galtos style by wearing slippers (and slippers), and to further put his individuality on display, he's probably the first young fellow you've ever seen patterned by a decade with the general, ski-jump in sight. For back to what the young man is waiting. The skier is a modern guy. He is waiting in the blue worsted galathea or downy trousers, which are wide out over the legs. They fit snugly over the soles and are held down with no elastic band. The white-washed canvas of skied and unskied wool has the necessary toughness of tatters and weight for winter sports. Only a pair of the collar of the Skidoo and Flus-tan wool flared skirt is visible. The dark red head worn wool tie is invisible. The can, lined by it all, remains.

(The skater in his blue parka, and skater in yellow tuxedo are from *Esquire* Feb. 1942. The skater in the blue parka is from *Esquire* Feb. 1942.)

"THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CUT PLENTY OF ICE WITH ME!"

Says Hockey's "Dit" Clapper, Captain of the Boston Bruins



FOURTEEN YEARS on the ice—fourteen years in one of the toughest games in sport. And he's still tops. Speed...endurance ...Dit Clapper (above) has both in extra measure. He likes the extras in Camels, too. Camels burn slower and smoke with that extra measure of mildness and coolness that makes such a difference in steady smoking enjoyment. And there's another advantage in Camel's slower burning, too (eyes right).

S-L-O-W is the word for it, Dit—slow burning for extra flavor. Cigarettes that burn fast naturally burn hot. And excess heat dulls flavor and fragrance—leaves you with a flat, tasteless smoke. Slow burning lets the flavor come through in extra measure. No matter how much you smoke, a Camel always tastes good.

Try the slower-burning cigarette. You'll notice the difference...the extra mildness, the extra coolness, the extra flavor. And your purse will notice the extra smoking per cigarette per pack (see below).



● In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS